

ANCIENT TURKISH CANNON, CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.

The Palace of Arms in Moscow is the repository of this trophy of Russian conquest, captured at Constantinople. It is an immense specimen of mediæval cannon, made of bronze and magnificently carved.

MASTERS OF THE SCIENCE OF WAR.

Second Artillerymen Earn High Praise at Van Cortlandt Park.

With Four Cannon, Sixty Gunners Demonstrate Possibilities of Modern Bombardment.

"NEARLY AS GOOD AS THE REGULARS."

So Says an Officer of the United States Army, and Three Members of Governor Morton's Staff Render Official Praise—Incidents.

It is best to begin the story of what the Second Battery did at Van Cortlandt Park yesterday with the simple announcement that Captain David Wilson and his men scored a genuine triumph.

From dawn till dark these artillerymen worked as only soldiers who know their art can work. And when "traps" sounded and they "turned in" for the night, each and every man was red with the flush of victory, and more than satisfied with the record of the day. Three members of Governor Morton's military staff had rendered them official praise, and an officer in the regular army had told their commander that they were almost as good as the regulars themselves. Best of all, 10,000 civilians had cheered them to the echo, and enthused over their showing.

They are a serious minded lot—these artillerymen. They lack the dash of the cavalry, and the eagerness of the infantry. They go about their work slowly, and with a staid dignity all their own. But yesterday they demonstrated that they have mastered their study of the science of war, and, if the occasion demands, can do more wholesale killing than a dozen regiments of infantry or a thousand horsemen. With four cannon, these sixty men demonstrated the possibilities of a modern bombardment. ROCKY SIDES OF THE HILLS SHAKEN.

Had they used real loads instead of blank cartridges the rocky sides of the hill encircling fair Van Cortlandt's grassy plain would have been shattered and all of Harlem would have been demolished. It is safe to say that not one civilian in that crowd of thousands ever realized the awful power of the modern cannon and the improved combination shell until they saw the field evolutions of the battery and were treated to a practical illustration of its fighting capacity. But as the crowd saw those four slender tubes of steel discharge their deadly burdens the people forgot the dashing bravado of the cavalry and the impressive ranks of the infantry. In brief, the plain matter-of-fact artilleryman had the opportunity to prove his value and he made the most of it. He did his work like a workman and accepted his honors modestly.

When the cannons and the caissons of the battery rumbled into the park in the early evening of Saturday they attracted but little attention. The artillery men unbooked their horses, "perked" their caisson and made themselves at home in the frozen tents pitched on the "east meadow." They called it "Camp Howard Carroll," but save for the colors of the command—a tiny streamer of blood red silk with yellow trimmings—there was nothing to give tone and color to their environment. The uniform of the artillery is an ugly blending of red and blue, and from the commander down to the humble "orderly" there was no attempt made to hide the native ugliness of the uniform. Even the cannon were painted a dark brown tint and lacked the brassy polish of the old-time field pieces. NO TIME LOST IN GETTING TO WORK.

But the men lost no time in settling down to their work. Half an hour after they had made "camp" the call for "supper" was sounded, and the gunners were feasting on fried steak and black coffee. Then the tired horses which had dragged the cannon and caissons from the armory in Thirty-fifth street were groomed and furnished with beds of straw. "Camp liberty" was given the men and they made the most of it. The night air was more than chilly, and when a big camp fire was started in the field just east of the mess tent it was quickly surrounded by a crowd of shivering

Guardsmen. The fire warmed them up, and they began to sing the old songs dear to the heart of every campaigner. Between the songs stories were told and pipes lighted. The officers herded by themselves and talked "tactics" and "gunnery" in front of the commander's tent. A stray mounted policeman moved his horse close to the picket line and did his best to strike up a conversation with the guard, who, with drawn sabre, stood fifty yards from the line of tethered horses and waited patiently for the "relief." That policeman was the only outsider in the neighborhood, and when "traps" sounded at 10:30 o'clock p. m. the men sought the privacy of their tents, and the huge pile of flaming logs degenerated into a mound of glowing embers.

BUGLE AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Nothing happened after that until 5 o'clock in the morning. Then the heavy-eared trumpeter took his place in front of the captain's tent and, with an energy all his own, sounded the "reville." Five minutes later every man in the camp was out of doors and lined up for "roll call." First call for "stables" followed. That blast of the bugle proved a welcome one for the fifty horses. They were rubbed down and given their morning allowance of oats—five quarts for each animal, served in a brand-new "head-bag." There's a deal of early morning work to be done about an artillery camp, and it was 7 o'clock when the men finished with the horses and gladly responded to the mess call for breakfast. Ham, eggs and coffee formed the menu. After breakfast the battery "limbered up" and went out for morning drill. That drill lasted an even two hours and proved a revelation to the thousand or more early visitors to the camp. In spite of the fact that the horses were green and the field a "strange" one, the battery did grand work in "unlimbering," "single," "platoon" and "battery" firing. Captain David Wilson, who was in command, was more than pleased with this practical work, and

when the men turned out for dinner he predicted that they would do better in the afternoon. And they did.

At 2 o'clock the crowd had gathered and all the distinguished visitors of the day were reported present.

General Howard Carroll, chief of artillery on Governor Morton's staff, came into camp on top of a tally-ho. He was accompanied by his wife and a gay party of society folk. Colonel W. C. Sanger, assistant chief of artillery; Colonel G. J. Green and Major Fred Lee, of the Governor's staff, were there to help the General in his task of reviewing the battery. Among the other military men present were Colonel Appleton, of the Seventh Regiment; Colonel Henry Chauncey and Major H. G. Ridabock, of the Eighth Regiment; Captain Silsby, of the Ninth Regiment, and a score of others.

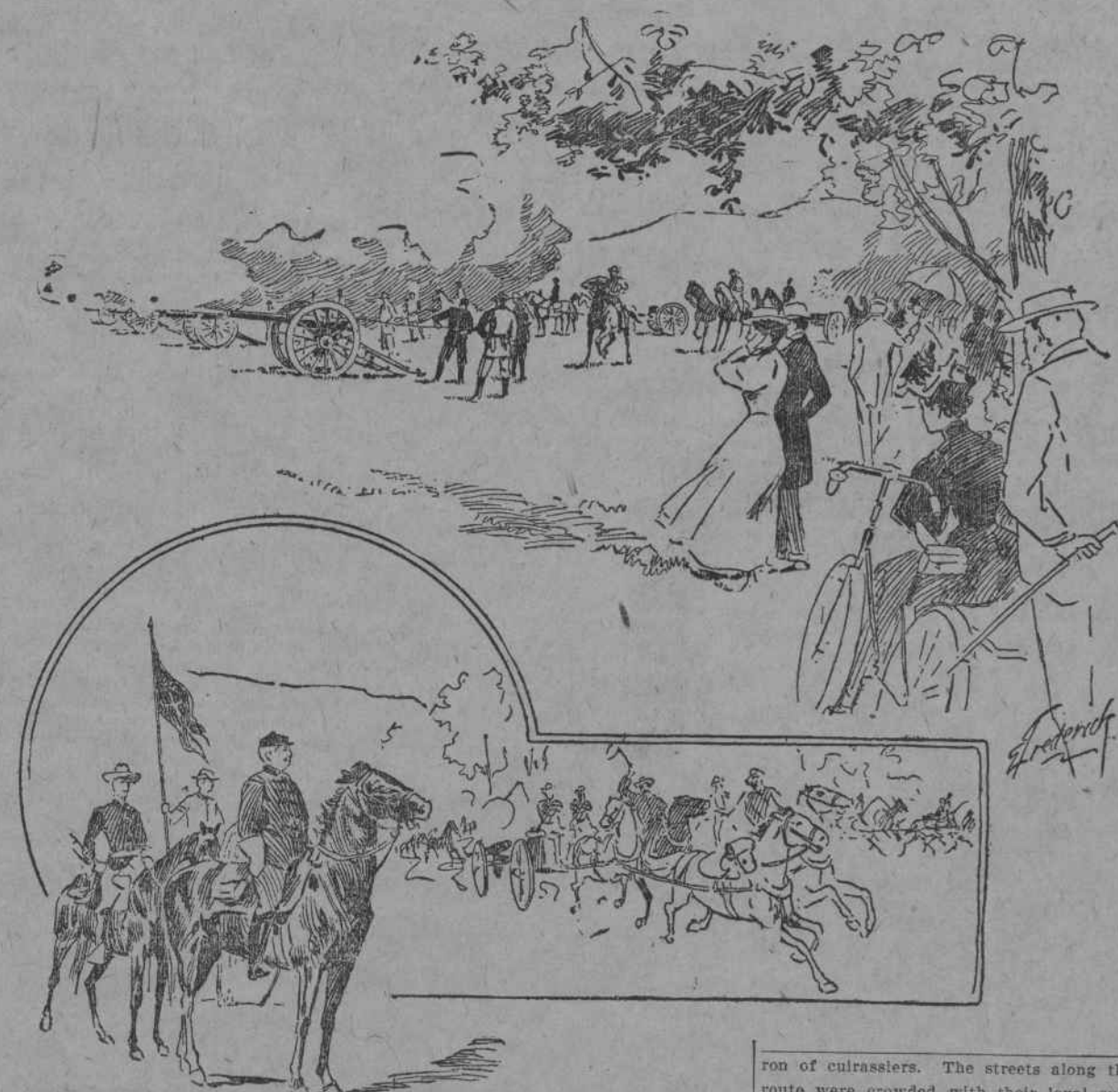
Lieutenant Patterson, of the regular army, was also present.

Then the trumpeter sounded the "assembly." The General and his aide mounted their horses, the crowd engirdled the field and the "spectacle" was inaugurated. It would take columns of space to properly describe that drill. The battery, in command of Captain Wilson, with Lieutenants L. F. Sherry, M. F. Flannigan and Arthur M. Jacobus as his aides, did marvelous work. The exhibition of "limbering" and "unlimbering" rapid-fire guns and "fancy work" satisfied the General and astonished the crowd. After it was all over the military critics present declared that the work of the battery would have done credit to the regulars.

The battery will be inspected by General McLewee this morning, and will break camp this afternoon.

22d Regiment at Church.

The Twenty-second Regiment attended services in St. Agnes Episcopal Church, West Ninety-second street, near Columbus avenue, yesterday afternoon. About five hundred men were present. The Chaplain, Rev. W. N. Dunnell, preached from Matthew xlii, 21: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."



Second Battery at Van Cortlandt Park.

Ten thousand people saw the gunners of the Second Battery demonstrate the possibilities of modern bombardment at Van Cortlandt Park yesterday. Their work was pronounced by General Carroll and members of Governor Morton's staff to be that of adepts in the art of artillery warfare. Four cannon were used, and Captain David Wilson was in command.

CONSECRATING THE IMPERIAL STANDARD.

The Czar Takes Part in a Quaint Ceremony in Kremlin Armory.

The Royal Emblem Will Play a Prominent Part at the Coronation Exercises.

Sudden Rainstorm in the Morning Prevents the Holding of the Grand Military Review.

IN HONOR OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Special Service Held in the English Church to Celebrate Her Birthday. Newspaper Correspondents Entertained.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Moscow, May 22.—It rained just long enough here this morning to make necessary the abandonment of the imposing review of all the thousands of soldiers who have helped to make Moscow so beautifully picturesque during this time of public rejoicing. The review was to have begun at noon, but all the morning there was a perfect downpour, and this feature was finally most reluctantly abandoned.

Hardly had this decision been reached, however, when out came the sun again in all its glory and shown with mocking splendor for the balance of the day. The orders for the postponement of the review had, however, already gone forth and they were not revoked.

In the Kremlin armory this afternoon was performed one of the most interesting ceremonies incident to the Imperial coronation. It was the formal consecration of the Imperial standard, which will play such an important part in the actual coronation ceremony next Tuesday. There were present the Czar himself and all the members of the Imperial family now in Moscow.

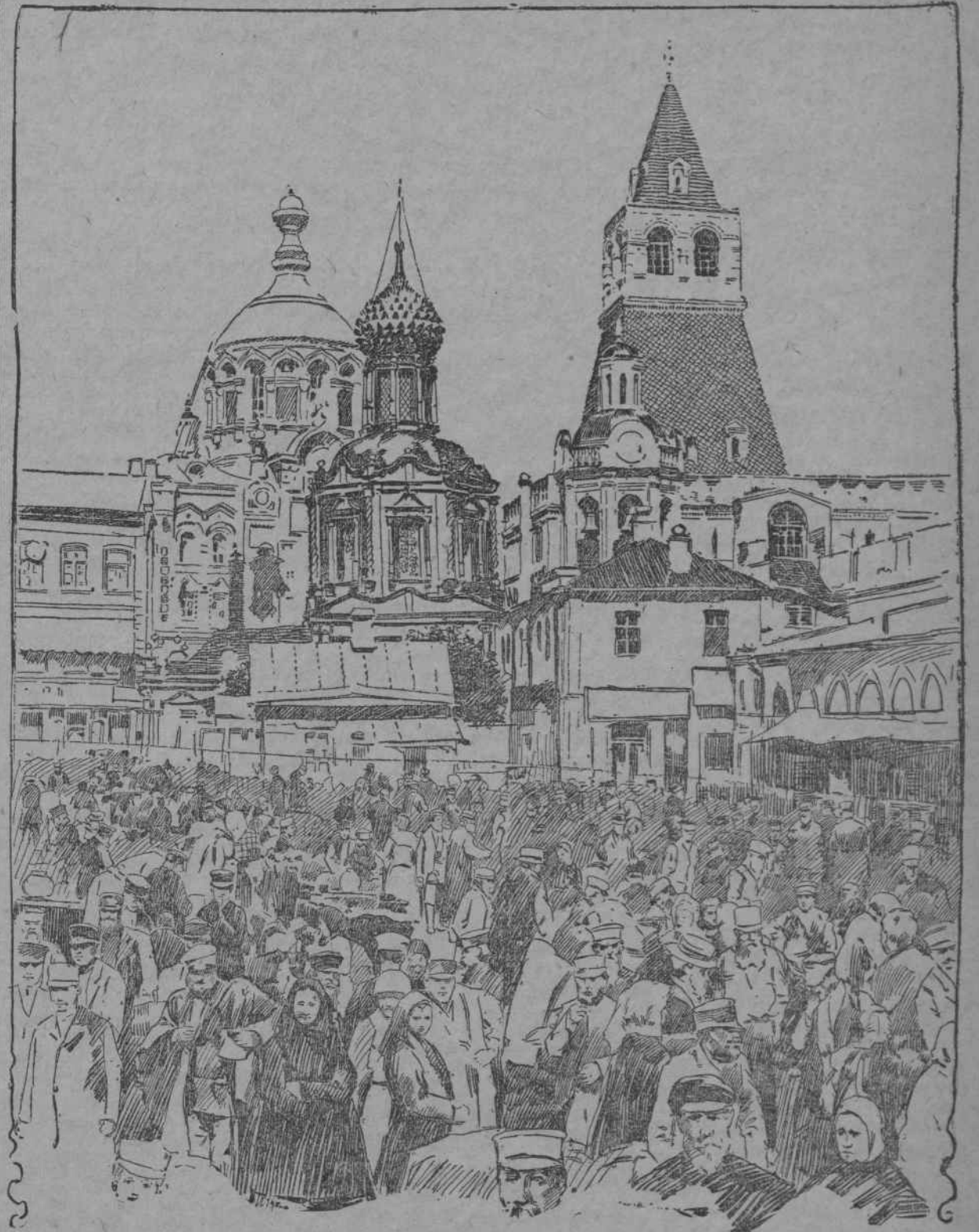
Blessing the Royal Emblem.

The standard was proudly born by a majestic color-bearer, standing a little to the left of the altar at one end of the long room. At its right were grouped the members of the Imperial choir from St. Petersburg, and in front stood the bishops and priests of the Kremlin cathedrals, arrayed in their gorgeous vestments of gold cloth. Behind them stood the royal family and their suites.

The religious services preceding the consecration were short, but beautiful. At their close, the Metropolitan of Moscow, bearing a magnificently chased golden vessel filled with holy water, advanced to the standard, and, lightly sprinkling it with the sparkling fluid, pronounced the formal words of consecration.

Then, slowly advancing, the Czar and all the members of his royal family filed past the altar, where a priest presented to each in turn a golden cross to reverently kiss. Then the standard was taken to another apartment in the armory, where it will be guarded until its presence is required at the ceremony of the coronation.

When the services were over the Czar and Czarina were driven back to the Alexandrina Palace, attended by a squad-



THE RIADI, MOSCOW'S PICTURESQUE TRADING CENTRE.

It is a large open square, laid out with streets of booths. Traders occupying the little city of bazaars are grouped according to their lines of merchandise. Here are presented the most interesting sights of the ancient Russian capital.

sermon was preached by the Bishop of Petersburg, who, at the coronation, will represent the Established Church of England. A special prayer was here made for the preservation of the Russian Imperial family.

A Dinner to the Press.

Four hundred newspaper correspondents were entertained to-night by the Russian press in the most sumptuous manner. The American press was royally treated. The Russians expressed much astonishment, however, at the fact that American newspaper enterprise, so often talked of abroad, had resulted in the sending of only two special correspondents to describe the festivities here.

Among the guests at the dinner were a number of beautiful Russian women, members of the Court Theatre.

PRESBYTERIANS REBUKED.

Moderator Withrow Disturbs the Commissioners by Criticising Smallness of Subscriptions.

Saratoga, N. Y., May 24.—Moderator Withrow's sermon to-day created a positive sensation among the commissioners. In his introduction he called to mind the fact that, at the time of the reunion of the old school and the new school branches, the Assembly asked the church to raise a memorial fund of \$5,000,000. The church responded by raising nearly \$7,000,000. Last year the Assembly asked for \$1,000,000 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of this reunion. The subscriptions do not amount to one-half of the sum asked. The preacher attributed this deficit to the position which the church has taken against those who had attacked its standards.

Dr. William H. Hubbard, a member of the million-dollar fund committee, took exception to the statement of the Moderator comparing the memorial fund of 1871 with that of 1895, the point upon which the argument of the sermon was based. He said:

"It is unfortunate that Dr. Withrow should have felt called upon to hold up the work of our committee in this light. He should have known that in a just comparison of the Memorial fund Committee of 1871 with the results of our work up to the present time, the results of our work are much more favorable than the results of the Memorial fund of 1871. The committee received reports of churches and societies all over the land. Whatever was given was reported as church contributions, but the money represented by said sum never reached the hands of the committee."

TOM JOHNSON'S ASPIRATIONS.

His Attitude Said to Indicate a Longing for the Presidency.

Cleveland, O., May 24.—The Democrats of the Twenty-first Congressional District held their convention yesterday and elected ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson and S. H. Holding as delegates to Chicago.

The convention did not take a stand on the silver question, nor did the Democrats of the Twenty-first District, who held their convention at the same time. It is stated to-day that the aggressive position of the Democrats of the Twenty-first on the money question was inspired by Mr. Johnson, and that the motive of the free trade silver tax ex-Congressman was nothing less than a Presidential aspiration.

In the Twenty-first Mr. Johnson made a speech in favor of "sound money." He then went to the Twenty-first District convention and spoke on the financial question. His speech was assuring to the silver people and it is believed that he sought the friendship of both conventions in order to secure the endorsement of the Ohio Democracy at the State Convention. Mr. Johnson was as silent as a sphinx when asked if it were true that he had Presidential aspirations, and refused to talk upon the subject.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS WHO PICKED POCKETS

Made Prisoners in the Lion House in the Central Park Menagerie.

Rachel and Rosa Donath, Sisters, and Lena Wrangel Caught with Plunder on Them.

ONE BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED.

She Is Rachel and She Says She Has Been Arrested Twice Before for Similar Offenses—Not Known Where Stolen Articles Were Sold.

Three little "feminine" "artful dodgers," gaudily dressed and seemingly proficient in picking pockets, were caught by Park Police Detectives McGinty and Savage in the lion house in the Central Park Menagerie yesterday afternoon. While good children were looking at the animals these bad girls picked the pockets of the parents, who were explaining the habits of the animals.

The prisoners are Rachel Donath, aged twelve; Rosa, her sister, aged eleven, of No. 129 Willett street, and Lena Wrangel, aged thirteen, of No. 348 East Houston street. The policeman watched them a long time, and caught Rachel in the act of slipping her hand into an elderly woman's pocket. The trio cried when taken before Sergeant Hodgins, in the Arsenal. When Matron Winne searched them she found on Rachel a pocketbook and lace handkerchief, belonging to Anna Murphy, of No. 47 Sackett street, Brooklyn. On Rosa a purse, a silk handkerchief and a watch-chain and charm, and on Lena two purses, a pocketbook, a watch-chain and a gold ring and a gold chain.

Rachel confessed that for a long time she had been in the habit of picking pockets and had been arrested twice before, but that the things found on the other girls were given to them by her for safekeeping. She would not say how she usually disposed of her plunder.

Jacob Donath, the father of Rachel and Rosa, lives on the first floor of the tenement at No. 129 Willett street. He claims to be a pushcart vender. The other tenants know little of the family, as they have lived there only a few days.

Rachel's brother, Adolph, aged sixteen, speaks English more fluently than any other member of the family.

"Who caught 'em?" he asked, when told that his sisters had been arrested. He denied that his sisters had been in trouble of the same sort before.

Another tenant said Rachel had picked pockets before, but had never been caught, he believed.

It was learned that Mrs. Donath accompanied the children to the Park in the afternoon, but came home alone, early and said to her neighbors that she had lost them, and had left them to come home alone.

Mrs. Wrangel, Lena's mother, is a widow, who lives on the top floor of No. 348 East Houston street with Lena, an older daughter, Anna, and a son, who works as a laborer. The whole family blame Rachel Donath for Lena's downfall. Mrs. Wrangel says she had forbidden her daughter to associate with Rachel, and that yesterday Lena got out by saying that she wanted to

go to the Park with some other children who were having a May party. Lena says, always has been a good girl, a never been in any sort of trouble.

Both the Donaths' and Wrangle's tenements are poorly but neatly furnished. The children will be arraigned in Yorkville Police Court this morning, and the police propose to learn how they have disposed of their stolen goods. The Wrangles have lived at their present address a year, and their neighbors regard them as respectable.

GASOLINE FATAL TO FOUR.

Nearly an Entire Family Wiped Out by the Explosion of a Stove in Chicago.

Chicago, May 24.—By the explosion of a gasoline stove in a little frame house in the rear of No. 146 Townsend street early this morning, a family of six persons was almost wiped out of existence. Four are dead and a fifth is so badly burned that death will surely follow. The dead are: Otto Malm, aged thirty-two; Sima Malm, aged eight; Hilya Malm, aged six; Otto Malm, Jr., aged three. The injured are: Mrs. Edie Malm, aged thirty-two, and Ellen Malm, aged eight. The mother was badly burned also, but will recover. The daughter, Ellen, will die.

Debs Declines to Be President.

Birmingham, Ala., May 24.—Eugene V. Debs has declined the nomination made by the Chicago Central Labor Union for President of the United States. He says he will not enter politics.



The big, hearty, healthy man is a continual irritation to his dyspeptic friend. One man in a hundred is perfectly healthy. The other 99 have some digestive trouble, and perhaps more than 50 per cent. of these could trace their trouble to that most prevalent evil—constipation. It's a simple thing of itself, but like many simple things, it may grow and become complicated. Constipation is the root of nine-tenths of the sickness of men, and of a large proportion of the sickness of women. It can be cured. It can be cured easily, naturally and quickly. There is no reason save that of carelessness why it should cause the trouble that it does. Nature is continually working as hard as she can to throw off impurities, and to force out poisonous refuse matter. Nature is not a dandy and should not be overworked. Nature is systematic. Some little thing may interfere with the system, and cause serious derangement. The removal of this little impediment sets the wheels working again without any trouble.

This is exactly what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do. They assist nature in a gentle, healthful, efficient way. There is noth- ing more certain as if it were twice as violent. The use of the "Pellets" doesn't derange the system in any way, and since it is in order, you can stop taking them. There are unscrupulous druggists, who will tell you that something else is "just as good." They are mistaken—or worse. Whether they are ignorant or untruthful matters little to you if you do not get the "Pleasant Pellets." Insist on getting what you ask for.